

So Near Yet Distant Can It Be

But soft this moon lit night
Sits gentle atop the bay
Opposed by Cassiopeia's might
It whispers ... what's it say?

Look down upon its mortal men
Far shores reached by handsome few.
It circles earth but once again
before this month is through.

It brings the surges, mighty wash
to cleanse the kindly soul.
Upon emotive shores are tossed
the gallant, strong and bold.

Betwixt the twenty days and eight
wild ostriches and elephants do roam
Those games that men and woman wait
to play get written up in poem.

The stars do twinkle oh so bright
Each and every one so named.
Their passion do draw us fright
then calmness once they came.

That little death we die
for our two fortune's sake.
Once more again we try
and pray our efforts take.

So near yet distant can it be
the gentleness of newfound youth
when seventy and two hundred days,
sees grand issuance of human truth.

The other side we dare to hide
we cannot find the words.

In emptiness our hearts abide
the pitied, barren and the hurt.

Yet soft, a moon lit night
sits gentle above the bay.
Behold such beauteous sight
Blue eyes ... cast newborn gaze.